

# The Female Warrior.

Relating how a Woman in Mans attire, got an Ensigns place: and so continued till the necessity of making use of a Midwife discover'd her.

*This valiant Amazon with courage fill'd,  
For to Display her Colours was well skill'd,  
Tune of, I am a jovial Bachelor.*

*Till pregnant nature did her Sex discover,  
She fell a pieces, and was made a Mother.*

With Allowance.



Come all you jovial burcome Girls  
attend me here a while,  
Here is a pleasant Story that  
perhaps will make you smile:  
'Tis of a valiant Amazon,  
whose Courage was most free,  
To take up Arms, and march along  
out of the North Country.

The Company to London came,  
to quarter there a space,  
And all the while this noble Girl,  
supply'd the Ensigns place:  
And when that she did march along,  
there's none did her suspect,  
Although she lay upon the Guard,  
and never did neglect.

Her mild behaviour and sweet face,  
much favor did her gain,  
She acted nothing that was base,  
whilst she did there remain:  
But for the love of a dear friend,  
disguised she would go:  
To try her Fortune to the end,  
against the daring Foe.

You know what strange effects this love  
in many a one hath wrought,  
To dangers, and to perils great,  
it often hath them brought;  
But yet they valu'd not the same,  
no more did this brave Lass,  
Who though she was a jovial Dame,  
did for an Ensign pass.

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Her colours bravely to display,  
She often had the luck,  
And was at push of Pike some say,  
as good as ever struck;  
To hold her Arms, and furl the Flag  
She was expert and quick,  
And never was a bungler found  
at any pritty trick.

To play a game at Cards or Dice,  
to pass the time away,  
Or any Gentle exercise,  
she never would lay nay:  
But for a Bottle of the best,  
her little heart to cheer,  
She smiling, often would protest  
she loved it most dear.

When she amongst young gallants came,  
she often was afraid,  
Least in their wanton talk she should  
by blushes be betrayed;  
But custome made her at the length  
so confident and free,  
She did presume upon her strength,  
she could not daunted be.

Unto the wars she was inclin'd,  
being of courage bold,  
And always bore a stately mind,  
The scorn'd to be controul'd.

When Mars and Venus conjunct were,  
'tis thought that she was born,  
Which is an evidence most clear,  
that some must wear the Vpon.

Thus curiously the time she past,  
and none did her detect,  
Until the Souldiers at the last  
began so to suspect:  
And by some certain signs in short,  
they plainly did perceive  
Their Ensign Metamorphosed,  
and did them all deceive.  
To make the case more evident,  
and cause it to be known,  
Her growing belly forced her  
to lay the Colours down:  
Unhappy chance it was alas,  
and soe it did her ver,  
Because that she was found to be,  
one of the female Sex.  
And now her groaning time being come,  
a Midwife was prepar'd,  
She could not march by beat of Drumm,  
nor mount the Court of Guard:  
For why she did in pieces fall,  
here one part, there another,  
Did ever any know the like,  
an Ensigne made a Mother.  
Thus have you hear'd, as I conceive,  
a Story strange and true,  
And verily I do believe,  
the like you seldom knew:  
Now all that ever can be said,  
she was a sovial Lass,  
(had not her Belly, her betrayd  
as ever any was.)